

## THE VIEW FROM THE RECEIVING SIDE OF DEC DOLPHIN ENERGY CLUB

by Madison Lee

*Although Madison Lee has never attended a TMI residential program, he got his first taste of progressive relaxation techniques in 1969. Then he touched on meditation and energy work as a student of Washin Ryu Karate. By 1989, Madison had discovered Far Journeys. Shortly thereafter, he purchased Human Plus, Volume I, and Wave I of the Gateway Experience® and added Hemi-Sync® to his eclectic repertoire. He joined the Dolphin Energy Club in 1991—its first year of existence—and felt pretty familiar with the process. Then a personal injury took him to a new level of understanding.*

I love riding bicycles, especially the endorphin high of bicycle racing. I race in the Master 45+ category-fast, mature riders. The three-day Enchanted Mountain stage held in Olean, New York, is one of the best-organized races in the state, and I was riding in it on July 18-20, 1997.

At the end of the individual time trial, which took place during a spectacular thunderstorm, I had the fastest time. After the officials reviewed the videotapes and time strips I dropped to second place: still a great position. Following the hilly road race, I was in fourth place. With only seconds between me and third place, I was psyched up to win.

In the criterium (twenty-five laps in downtown Olean on an .8 mile loop with eight turns), I picked up a one-second time bonus in a sprint. I felt good, was recovering fast, and had every expectation of doing well in the next time sprint and at the finish. I had a hunch that two of the strongest “crit” racers were setting up for a breakaway. Through the next two corners, I was moving up to be in on that break. Then, as I was passing on the right between two other riders and the curb, with two generous handlebar-widths of room, the middle rider looked left and drifted right. His handlebars came under my elbow and hooked my thigh. I stayed relaxed, waiting for him to untangle himself, so I could chase down the leaders. Instead, he panicked, gave up, and went down. His wheels hit my spokes broadside and turned my wheels into wavy potato chips. When the warp in the chips hit my brake calipers, the bicycle stopped dead. I was launched over the handlebars at more than twenty-five miles per hour.

I tucked, rolled, felt the impact of my right deltoid, and thought, “This is going to hurt later.” Luckily, the other twenty riders navigated around us. But the stab of pain in my shoulder as I picked up my bicycle meant that I was out of the race. I hiked over to tell the race officials, then headed to the medics. The medic gave me a visual once-over and said, “So?” The drill started as soon as they realized I’d crashed. In that state of post-trauma numbness, my race jersey peeled off without too much discomfort. Later, at the hospital, the nurse had to cut my insulating base layer to remove it.

Sitting in the emergency room with an ice pack on my shoulder, I called on my own dolphin team, used Color Breathing, and did micro-motion exercises from Meir Schneider's Handbook for Self-Healing, which had been reviewed in the DEC newsletter. I wanted to increase blood flow and oxygen to the injured area and flush out fluid buildup. Moving the shoulder for x-rays was not fun.

The orthopedic surgeon arrived and informed me that I had a shoulder separation.

I asked, "Is it a category 1, 2, or . . ."

He looked at me and stated that it was a full-blown cat 3 separation with a broken shoulder blade—typical of high-impact accidents. Ah, like hitting the pavement at twenty-five miles per hour. Yes, I would say so.

Next question. How long does this take to get better?

His response: four to six.

Quick calculation, I'll be back on the bike by the weekend.

He elaborated: weeks.

WEEKS! Doctor, do you know where I am supposed to be in two weeks?

No.

Boulder, Colorado.

Oh, that is nice.

Doctor, have you heard of Connie Carpenter and Davis Phinney?

Yes.

But, I'm going out to Boulder to ride with them.

He smiled and said, not with that shoulder.

Then I described my exercises. Surprised by my proactive attitude, he agreed that the exercises would help and showed me several more for later.

The following Monday I called and placed myself on the DEC list. By Wednesday evening during my quiet time, I sensed that other energy sources had joined my dolphins. An intense influx of energy awakened me late that night. To keep from struggling against it, I rolled out of

bed, went to my sitting place, and did conscious breathing. I sighed gratefully and went back to bed once the energy had been modulated and incorporated.

That first week I slept propped up in bed, wore both a shoulder harness and a sling day and night, and needed help to get into a shirt. My own dolphins distributed the energy being directed to me while I concentrated on smooth flow and increasing vitality, plus continuing the micro-motion exercises. I could feel the shoulder blade knitting back together! I went to the bike camp in Boulder without my bike. Hey, I had paid for it, and you can learn a lot just being around world-class athletes. Experts from many fields made presentations. Andy Pruitt, sports medicine specialist, and Kari DeBenedetti, athletic trainer, checked my shoulder.

Andy's comment: yes, cat 3 separation; you never completely heal from one of those.

Not what I really wanted to hear.

I occasionally "checked in" at my New York apartment and found energy gifts waiting there. I also signed up for four one-hour massage sessions, which included assisted/passive motion therapy, with Nancy Schierholt. Each succeeding day, the increased range of motion, reduction in bruising and swelling, and speed of my recovery surprised Nancy. At our last session, she said it was hard to believe that I'd had major trauma just a week and a half earlier. Near the end of the week, I could sleep flat on my back and used the sling only when my arm and shoulder started to tire. Small gains felt like such big accomplishments. On my way home, I stopped in East Texas for a family gathering. My brother and sister-in-law are doctors; they introduced me to area physical therapists who taught me new motion and strength exercises. I enjoyed doing them while floating in the lake.

Because I had forgotten to make withdrawals from my DEC account while in Texas, I returned home to a huge store of energy. Several of the energy "signatures" were familiar, including that of the individual who had awakened me two weeks before. Multiple quiet-time sessions over several days integrated the energy very nicely. I started to wonder if DEC goes to the person or to the location? I can now vouch that receiving DEC energy assists in physical and emotional recovery from trauma. My thanks to everyone—DEC members and health practitioners—who supported my healing. Seeing DEC from the other side has increased my sensitivity and, hopefully, my effectiveness. Andy was correct. My shoulder "pops" at times as tiny displacements move back into alignment. But I have full range of motion, and my love of biking is undiminished. You'll still find me training and racing from May through September, the cycling season in upstate New York.

To learn more about Dolphin Energy Club, write to [dec@monroeinstitute.org](mailto:dec@monroeinstitute.org).

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